

AMERICAN
JUNIOR RED CROSS
NEWS "I Serve"

October 1939



HANDFORTH



"CHICAGO IN FLAMES"

Currier and Ives

The great Chicago fire of 1871 began with a home accident, when Mrs. O'Leary's famous cow kicked over the lamp. Now October ninth, the anniversary of the fire, has been chosen as "Fire Prevention Day" all over the country. Junior

members are helping with the Red Cross Accident Prevention campaign. On October twenty-third they will distribute check lists of possible accident hazards to homes all over the country. (See page 19.)

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The October News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

"Chinese Boy" (front cover), "Silver Pesos for Carlos," "Junior Red Cross Poster" (back cover)

"Chicago in Flames" may be used as a lead for study of other interesting old prints.

Auditorium:

"We Like to Get Letters." Similar auditorium use can be made of many items in any issue of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

Citizenship—Worldwide:

Between twenty-five and thirty different kinds of service activities from as many different places in the world are illustrated in activity reports of this one issue. By comparing these notes month by month with the activity suggestions in the JUNIOR RED CROSS CALENDAR, constructive plans can be laid for each Junior Red Cross group.

Composition:

"Something to Read," "We Like to Get Letters," "American Mail for Stockholm"

General Science:

"The Men of A-Z"

Geography:

China—"Chinese Boy," "The Bride's Chair Comes," "The CALENDAR Story"

France—"The Men of A-Z"

Mexico—"Silver Pesos for Carlos"

Switzerland—"An Ear for Uncle Emil"

United States—"Indian Arrowheads," "Uncle Sam's Nursery for Fawns," "October News"

Other Countries—"October News," "The Traveler," "Junior Red Cross Poster"

The flags in the poster are flags of countries with a Junior Red Cross. The children in costume represent Junior Red Cross members in some of those countries. A game of identifying these will sharpen interest in the key, to be given next month.

Health and Safety:

"Chicago in Flames," "October News"

History:

"Announcements"

Primary Grades:

"Uncle Sam's Nursery for Fawns" is an interesting complement to "The Little Deer." Pupils will enjoy tracing and coloring the illustrations for "The Little Deer."

"The Traveler," with the map, provides an entertaining extension of the world.

Reading:

1. Why is October 9 observed as Fire Prevention Day?
2. Talk over in class some of the most common home fire hazards and ways to correct them.

1. Why was the picture that the United States lady liked better than the one Carlos had intended to draw?

2. How can one find out what kinds of life-work are best for him?

1. What has been learned about prehistoric periods from the caves in France? 2. Make a frieze illustrating the life of ancient man.

1. What did Ching Ling see and do while she stayed away from home? 2. Have you ever run away from something unpleasant?

1. How does Uncle Sam save baby deer? 2. What is the difference between a fawn and a faun?

1. What are some things that the city of Yen Chow is famous for? 2. Try to find some example of Chinese art or a translation of a Chinese poem.

1. How was Uncle Emil changed into a little mountain maid? 2. What other stories have you read about Switzerland?

1. What were some of Perri's and Porro's ways of life? 2. What helpful ideas for your own book reports do you get from this review?

1. How did the school in New Brunswick, N. J., make good use of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS? 2. What would be most interesting for an auditorium program from the September or October issues?

1. When, where, and by whom was the Red Cross begun? 2. What are some contributions the Red Cross movement has made to human progress?

1. What advice did the Polish Junior Red Cross group give about stamps? 2. Discuss good ways of mounting stamps.

1. Of what are Indian arrowheads made? 2. If any of you have arrowheads, bring them to school and tell the class about them.

1. How do pupils in Perkins Institution learn to "see" without eyes? 2. What interests you in the letter to Stockholm?

1. Which of the activity reports for October help you in forming habits that will prevent accidents? 2. From the activity reports, begin a list of ways to increase your Junior Red Cross Service Fund.

1. How did Ingeborg get to pet the baby deer? 2. Why should we avoid frightening either wild or domestic animals?

1. Point out the countries where "The Traveler" would go. 2. Ask your teacher to read you John Masefield's poem, "Cargo."

1. What are some things that the new poster tells you about the Junior Red Cross? 2. See how many of the flags and the costumes of other countries you can identify.

Units:

Accident Prevention—"Chicago in Flames" and "October News" should be related to the accident prevention suggestions on the September and October pages of the CALENDAR.

Animals and Pets—"The Men of A-Z," "Uncle Sam's Nursery for Fawns," "Perri," "The Little Deer"

Conservation of Life and Property—"Chicago in Flames," "Perri," "Uncle Sam Plays Mother to Fawns," "Announcements," "October News"

Home Life—"Silver Pesos for Carlos," "The Bride's Chair Comes," "An Ear for Uncle Emil"

Occupational Guidance—"Silver Pesos for Carlos"

Primitive Living—"The Men of A-Z"

Red Cross—"Announcements"

School Life—"Silver Pesos for Carlos," "We Like to Get Letters," "American Mail for Stockholm"

Stamps—"Announcements"

Developing Calendar Activities for October

All the Same Red Cross

SUGGESTIONS for ways in which junior members can cooperate actively in the American Red Cross Roll Call are given on the November CALENDAR page; but you may want to begin planning a study unit on the Red Cross, making use of some of the suggestions given this month.

The American National Red Cross does not approve the use of junior members to collect memberships or solicit money. This is the responsibility of adults. Red Cross publicity during the Roll Call, however, gives community and national stimulus to a study of the Red Cross movement in its historical setting and to the important part that it continues to play in man's efforts to advance civilization. The more accurate and the sounder is the education received by these young citizens, the wider spread will be understanding on the part of parents and other adults. The more members there are who understand what the Red Cross means, the more wide-spread will be their service at home and their expression of good will for the millions in other countries who are concerned over human progress.

The annual Roll Call is an opportune time to emphasize this harmony of purpose. The stickers that go up in windows of homes, the pins that fathers and mothers wear, and the similar pins that boys and girls in school wear, the Swimming and First Aid certificates received in summer camps or special classes, the Home Hygiene certificates that mothers and older sisters earn, the check list of Home and Farm Accident Hazards, all originate from the same Red Cross. The Red Cross that we read about in newspaper accounts of disaster or that we hear about in radio reports of international crises is the Red Cross of sixty-three countries where people are striving toward progress in humanitarian ways of life.

The slogan "Keep Your Red Cross Ready" means keeping it vital in all the phases of humane service for which it is held to account, everyday, and for which all of us, as members, share responsibility.

Red Cross Units of Study

Several such plans for Red Cross study and activities were worked out in the summer session of the Washington State Normal School, Machias, Maine:

For Grades Five to Eight (by Irene E. Crocker, Kennebec Grade School, Machias, Maine)

My problem will be to teach the meaning and historical background of this vast organization to the pupils first; after that, through our contribution to the community, sending gifts to some of our State institutions, and our school exhibits in the classroom, the parents also will gain a knowledge of the purpose back of our work and service. To win the parents is to win cooperation for service. Besides having the pupils know the historical background, I want them to work for better health habits and develop the traits desirable in good citizens, which are stressed in our Citizenship Club.

Learnings and Attitudes on the Part of Pupils:

1. An accurate understanding of the meaning of the historical background of the Red Cross on the part of pupils so that parents, through them, may gain interest and knowledge in the organization

2. Formation of desirable health habits

3. Development of traits stressed as desirable in our Citizenship Club

4. Understanding of the need for service in the community through the local Red Cross Chapter and through national activities

5. Practice in service as individuals and as groups

Introducing Our Project:

Early in the fall I will place on my bulletin board a picture I have of a Red Cross nurse and her dog, the Red Cross flag, a picture of Joan of Arc, the JUNIOR RED CROSS CALENDAR, the cover of one of the more interesting issues of the JUNIOR RED CROSS News, some samples of handwork, drawings, and the Junior Red Cross pin.

When the children begin asking questions, I will tell them the story of the Junior Red Cross, and after they understand the meaning of it, I will ask how many would like to give their service to it.

We will earn our money for membership through the group activity of having an Ice Cream Social. This will bring in the community at the outset, and in preparing for it, every child will have duties such as bringing in materials to be used, running errands, cleaning the building in which the Social will be held, helping churn ice cream, arranging booths, selling cakes, and candy, cleaning up afterwards, and returning dishes used for the occasion.

Our Program of Activities:

Having earned our membership fee and started a Service Fund, further activities will follow:

1. Organization of a Junior Red Cross Council, to meet every two weeks at a time that will not interfere with the work of the school. The program will be planned to fit the occasion. Some themes for Council programs include: the lives of outstanding Red Cross characters, reports on the JUNIOR RED CROSS News, planning ways to aid local families, a surprise program planned by an appointed leader, to be given before the school, with only the participating pupils knowing the plan in advance. (This arouses keen interest.)

2. Community Service—The members' suggestions will be listed and the most appealing ones worked out. They may include:

- a. Giving fruit to sick friends of any age
- b. Preparing a basket of miscellaneous gifts for a sick classmate
- c. Collecting or buying magazines for aged couples
- d. Helping with Thanksgiving baskets of vegetables for the town's needy.
- e. Buying fancy favors, cards, and books for children in the community hospital (buying instead of making so that they may be wrapped carefully for protection)
- f. Giving roses to the community hospital
- g. During our activity period, making health posters and Red Cross posters and sewing and making articles suggested by the children at the council meetings

3. Doing volunteer work for our Red Cross Chapter as requested

4. Checking our health habits with the chart furnished by the Superintendent of schools

5. Carrying out a national service for whatever holiday seems to fit in best

Classroom Relationships:

Health—The health chart given us for use by our Superintendent

History—In connection with our state history in

the seventh grade, we will study Maine's institutions and opportunities for Red Cross service.

Civics—Study of a chapter in our textbook on the American Red Cross

Reading—Famous characters who have contributed to the world's welfare

Geography—Location of places interesting in Red Cross history and Junior Red Cross work

Language—School correspondence between our classes and a Junior Red Cross group in another section of the country

In a One-Room School (by Charlotte B. Look, Addison, Maine)

Purpose: To develop in the community an accurate understanding of the Red Cross, its history, purposes, and activities

Junior Red Cross Materials to Use as Helps:

The JUNIOR RED CROSS CALENDAR (especially suggestions for community service), the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, "The Story of the Red Cross" (ARC 626), Red Cross plays and pageants, "Developing Calendar Activities" in the GUIDE FOR TEACHERS, pictures and any other material I can find to apply to my particular problem

Activities:

1. Writing letters to parents and friends to tell about the Red Cross and some especially fine things we know that it does, explaining how to join, stressing voluntary service

2. A Red Cross assembly to which parents and friends are invited

3. A Red Cross play or entertainment followed by a social hour

4. An educational treasure hunt for the Council meeting—each pupil to find an article concerning some topic like World Understanding, to be varied for later meetings if the pupils like the idea

5. Learning accurate facts about the history, purpose, and present activities of the Red Cross to take home to parents

6. Telling and reading accounts of work in national disasters and discussing the way that children like themselves are involved

7. Helping less fortunate ones through voluntary service

The actual carrying out of this project will be completed by Thanksgiving. However, the Junior Red Cross work will not terminate then. Monthly Council meetings will continue. A list of services will be put on the board from which the children may select two. We cannot carry out more than two in a rural eight-grade school where one has to do so many things. I have a school of very congenial pupils, who enter into the spirit of projects.

The Junior Red Cross and Community Welfare (by Francis Look, the S. S. Nash Intermediate School, Addison, Maine)

Purpose:

To help children understand, through their Junior Red Cross, the welfare work in our community

Means of Introducing:

Reading interesting stories about activities of members in other schools or towns from the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. This naturally arouses curiosity and leads to questions. The next day the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS is left on the reading table and the CALENDAR and posters put up. When pupils begin asking whether and how they may join, the requirements are explained.

Activities:

1. Earning money for enrollment (first week), each child in his own way

2. Making Red Cross posters (second week), in art or different classes

3. Organization of the Junior Red Cross Council (third week), to meet once a week or twice a month as they decide

4. A monthly project decided upon by the pupils—cards to all shut-ins at Thanksgiving, remodeling toys at Christmas, free suppers to all mothers on Mother's Day, May Baskets for underprivileged children on May Day, plays and other projects as occasion arises

5. Keeping needed health habits following the School Chart. (Emphasized for twelve weeks)

a. Selected as important by the pupils

b. To keep fit for service through health

6. Remembering the orphans at a state children's home by greeting cards on certain holidays or serving some other state institution suggested by the pupils

If interest is very high, they will do all and more. On the other hand, they may wish to do less. Their suggestions may differ from those I have anticipated; some will be better. At any rate, the activity of the school and pupils in the Red Cross will increase the understanding of the parents and townspeople. When, each month, some public project comes to their attention and they are told, "The Junior Red Cross is doing this," they cannot help being interested. Both children and parents will feel, "We are serving the Red Cross and the Red Cross is serving us."

Serious Responsibility in Service

Last month the seriousness of failing to ship Christmas Boxes on time was illustrated by a letter quoted on Page 2 of the GUIDE. On the CALENDAR this month you will again find emphasized the necessity of sending only new, clean, well-made, attractively wrapped and smoothly packed gifts in Christmas Boxes and removing all other kinds. The tragic war conditions make the need greater than ever.

For Blind Children

An inspiring example of the seriousness with which members fulfill their responsibility was found in a school in New Jersey where, through some misunderstanding, the members received fifty brailled stories instead of the fifteen they had ordered. Instead of delaying to correct the error, the members assumed that there must be a pressing need for covering the stories and they not only did the work they had volunteered to do in the classroom, but stayed in at recess and after hours to cover the full number received. If your pupils have undertaken a part in the project of covering stories or making toys for children in schools for the blind, use this true incident as an incentive to do work well and to finish it in good time so that the blind children will surely receive the stories.

Nuts for Empty Nut Cups

Before beginning service to men in government hospitals this year, it will be wise to read again the mimeographed bulletin of instructions and suggestions, worked out in collaboration with the Red Cross War Service. One item of the bulletin, sometimes disregarded, is that when nut cups or candy containers are made in art classes as favors for the hospitals, packages of nuts or candy should accompany the containers.

Fitness for Service for October

Problems to Work On

THE CALENDAR health activities are outlined this year as "Problems to Work On." One or two specific problems are emphasized each month; and beginning with November, the relationships among these special points are suggested under "Making Connections."

This month the health problem emphasized is that of building right habits of cleanliness. Of those listed, the most important one is that of washing the hands before eating and after going to the toilet. In rural schools, observance of this habit may necessitate providing hand-washing facilities, making a washstand, taking care of the stand, basin, and waste water, making towels or providing paper towels, are all parts of such service.

Internal cleanliness includes drinking water, eating fruits, vegetables, and whole grains that act as intestinal scrubbing brushes; and forming regular toilet habits.

What Health Is

Last month, suggestions were given for initiating health study and activities. The introductory problem is that of arriving at an understanding of what we mean by health, recognizing the signs of good health, and realizing some of the important reasons for desiring good health.

If your textbook or course of study does not itemize the points that you, as a teacher, need to observe in pupils, you will find the following list helpful. It is based on a personal health inventory used in Red Cross classes in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick and is not available for general distribution.

1. First impression: Enthusiasm, poise, self-confidence, interest in others, voice quiet and agreeable
2. Weight: What the doctor advises for height, build and age; gain following an even course
3. Posture: Conforming to good posture standards in standing, sitting, and walking
4. Feet: Toes straight and without corns, arches strong, shoes chosen to protect foot health
5. Hair: Clean and in healthy condition, scalp free from dandruff
6. Eyes: Clear; able to read ordinary print at fifteen inches, or with correct glasses; lids free from inflammation
7. Ears: Hearing ordinary conversation at fifteen feet
8. Teeth: All necessary dental corrections attended to; proper brushing daily; gums firm and pink
9. Nose: Air passage free, no excessive nasal secretion
10. Hands: Clean, smooth; nails and cuticle well cared for
11. Skin: Clear, free from unpleasant odor, soft and smooth, good color
12. General Health: Free from pain, infection, or colds; regular elimination without artificial aid; sufficient sleep to feel rested in the morning

Safety and First Aid, Grades Five to Eight

In the September GUIDE FOR TEACHERS, a unit in safety and health for primary grades was printed. The following plan, worked out by two teachers, is for intermediate grades:

The object is to combine the knowledge of Safety and First Aid with the social studies so that it will become a practical part of the child's experience and practice.

Under the teacher's direction, pupils will assemble a simple First Aid cabinet and will learn its practical demonstration when, as happens in every school, there is occasion for simple First Aid treatments.

Behavior Aims:

1. To develop habits of practicing safety in city streets and country roads
2. To develop habits of carefulness in the classroom and corridors
3. To develop an attitude of responsibility for keeping the home safe
4. To form the habits of playing with the group to show the proper use of the playground and its equipment
5. To gain knowledge of safe places for sliding and skating
6. To develop habits of carefulness in the prevention of fire and knowledge of what to do in case of fire.
7. To develop the habit of safeguarding health
8. To realize that care in the use of gas and electricity must be practiced
9. To form habits of caution when playing in or near the water. I shall use the State Course of Study constantly for reference with the Red Cross material in this Red Cross project.

Classroom Relationships:

Through Junior Red Cross, accident prevention and First Aid will be related to our classes.

Geography:

In studying our own New England coastline, we have many interesting devices of safety with their rich store of interesting stories of our lighthouses, light beacons, buoys, radio beams. We would find interest in an exchange of letters about this with children of another section as between Maine and Texas.

Citizenship:

Through learning accident prevention, pupils will be made conscious of civic as well as personal responsibilities. They will see that they must think of safety not only each for himself, but also for others, and that conduct and actions will affect the welfare of their community. This will give training in character through developing attitudes by action rather than by precept. Character building is best accomplished by providing incentives for participation in activities that are intrinsically wholesome. This involves self-discipline and loyalty. The program of the Red Cross is not remedial only, it is constructive.

English:

Compositions on safety

Arithmetic:

Statistics

Health Science:

Our state health program includes Safety Education, Safety Devices, First Aid

History:

We shall find great interest in such famous characters as Clara Barton and other Red Cross workers closely woven into our national history.

These lessons in safety and their inseparable relation to First Aid will naturally arouse the interest of the children in the study and practice of First Aid as a study in itself, not for selfish ends, but for the real meaning of the Red Cross—Service.

—Mildred B. Marston, Milltown, Maine,
and Ethel L. Corbett, Perry, Maine.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

October • 1939

Silver Pesos for Carlos

LOUISE E. BALDWIN

Illustrations by Berta and Elmer Hader

CARLOS stood on tiptoe at the fountain. It was hard work to fill the big gasoline cans his mother had scrubbed clean and shiny to hold water. He heard a click behind him and looked around.

"Pouff!" he said. "It is an American taking pictures!"

Carlos fixed upon his shoulders the wooden bar from which the two cans of water swung heavily.

"There! That's a good picture. Hold it, boy."

Carlos did not understand the words the tall American was saying, but he saw the camera and knew he should stand still. He thought American tourists who visited his town did strange things. But whenever they made you stand still for a picture, no matter what you might be doing, they usually slipped a nice copper centavo into your pocket. And Carlos had need of many centavos.

Yes, the American put a centavo into Carlos' pocket. Away the boy went as fast as the swinging cans would let him. He staggered into the house, spilling water over the red brick floor.

"Oh, Carlos, be careful," cried his mother.

Carlos hurried out into the courtyard to add his centavo to the pennies already hidden in a deep crack of the crumbling adobe walls. Humming happily, he pulled out his penny and without looking, thrust a hand towards the crack in the shadowy corner. His hand struck something hard. Carlos looked up startled. The crack had been completely filled

in. His father had found the secret niche where he hid not only his pennies but his drawing paper, his pencils, his crayons, and the finished pictures for the maestro!

Everything was gone! Carlos' heart stood still. Blinely he started out of the yard and down the narrow, crooked street to the plaza. Suddenly he realized that he had forgotten to meet the bus from Mexico City. Now he had missed it and the passengers were gone. Often he earned a few centavos by carrying bags to the hotels for visitors who came on the bus. Today he was too late. Everything was going wrong. Wistfully he watched the bus as it boomed away over the cobbles.

It was Saturday, market day in Taxco. Indians had come from the hills to sell red peppers, silver jewelry, toys, and all manner of things.

In the crowd Carlos saw his sisters, Maria and Anita, dressed in their best clothes. Maria wore white stockings and black strap slippers. Anita pattered softly along barefoot.

Carlos walked slowly over to them. Did Anita know what had happened, he wondered. Did Anita know the crack had been filled in?

Maria stopped at a counter of gaudy beads and ear-rings. Near by was a pile of shiny black strap slippers.

"Look, Carlos," sighed Anita. "If only I had pesos to buy a pair of those beautiful slippers and a pair of white stockings."

"You won't need shoes until you are as old as Maria," said Carlos.

"The foreign ladies and their little girls who



He had thought his thoughts straight into a picture

come here wear shoes all the time, Carlos. I want to be dressed up and have shoes, too."

Carlos laughed and wiggled his brown toes. "Shoes are stiff and squeaky, 'Nita. They pinch your toes. I would not ever want a pair."

"What would you like to have best of all?" asked Anita.

Carlos suddenly winked hard to dry an unmanly wetness in his eyes. "More than anything I'd like some more drawing paper and crayons."

"You've been home?" Anita asked. Her brother nodded.

"Don't worry, Carlos. Everything's all right. I hid your things under the stone steps."

"What!" cried Carlos, not daring to believe.

"Don't shout so!" exclaimed Anita, nearly tumbling backwards. "Father decided it was mending-wall time. Your crack he took first and found it full of your pictures. My, he was angry! He said you were not to become a wandering artist, but a respected tinsmith like himself."

Carlos had heard his father say that before.

"Then he pointed to the pile of your things. And, oh, Carlos, he told me to burn them."

"But you didn't?"

"No, I put them in a basket in the house. I was so scared and sorry to disobey. Then I remembered the space under the doorstep, and hid them for you there. And your pennies, too."

Carlos gave a long breath of relief. "I'm hollow inside with excitement," he said. "Let's

get a dulce with my penny."

They bargained with an old woman squatting beside a booth of cakes, for a fat, sweet bun.

As they started home, Carlos ate slowly for his thoughts were slow. He did not know how to thank Anita for saving his pennies and his precious crayons. Then his eyes began to shine.

"What is it, Carlos? Have you thought of a picture?" asked his sister, peering into his face.

"No, 'Nita, a secret." Carlos smiled happily. When he had earned enough centavos he would buy, not more drawing paper and pencils for himself, but . . .

"What? Tell me, Carlos."

"It's about you; so I can't tell. Wait and see."

Half way up the street was an artist painting. It was the maestro who had taught Carlos in school how to draw his thoughts on paper. He greeted the children warmly. Carlos stopped to study the picture. The little terraced streets of Taxco with their rows of houses under red tile roofs, and the deep ravines below filled with banana trees and bright flowers, looked beautiful. Carlos nodded dreamily. Some day he would do as fine work as the maestro.

Although school was closed, the maestro still helped Carlos with his drawing. So now he said, "Carlos, tomorrow you must bring me the pictures you have made."

Carlos was troubled. "I haven't practiced much lately."

"Oh, Carlos!" Don Martin turned away in disappointed silence. But Anita could not bear to have Carlos scolded for something that was not his fault. She told the maestro that their father wished Carlos to become a tinsmith.

"He thinks Carlos should be in the milpas tilling the fields, or else learning to work tin like our cousin Felipe. Felipe is only a year older than Carlos, and already helps to make tin frames and candlesticks."

"But Carlos would rather be an artist like you."

"Are you sure, Carlos?" asked the maestro, looking worried. He did not like to think of trouble between the boy and his father. "Your father is an artist, too. He fashions fine things from tin."

"But tin is cold and silvery," said Carlos, "while pictures are warm and bright. I want to be an artist. Of that I am sure, though I am only a boy."

The maestro smiled. "We must put our heads together then, soon, you and Anita and I, and see how we can get your father to help you. So good-bye for now. Adios!"

While Carlos ate his supper of tortillas served with beans and chili sauce, he said never a word. He drank cinnamon-flavored chocolate whipped to foamy syrup, and still said nothing. Anita saw he was unhappy and thought it was because he believed the maestro could not make their father change his mind.

But Carlos was thinking that he must somehow find a way to draw good pictures for Don Martin with the materials Anita had saved, and he must earn money to buy the shoes Anita so much wanted. Some day, when those two things were done, perhaps there would still be a way to buy paper and pencils and crayons.

The next Saturday Carlos took his drawing materials and pictures from under the doorstep. He was going to make a picture just like the one Don Martin had painted, and it would please Don Martin and make him very proud. Carlos, too, would paint cream-colored houses and red tile roofs. The boy went to the very spot where the maestro had sat.

Carlos sat down, cross-legged, with his board on his knees. He began to think of Anita and how she had saved his pictures and crayons and pennies, and how very much she wanted shoes like those of the big girls and the tourist people who came to Taxco. His mind was filled with his thoughts. He thought of how Anita would look sitting on the doorstep of their home—Anita in a red dress and green apron and a blue cotton rebozo wrapped around her head and shoulders; Anita trying on a white stocking with another stocking heaped beside a pair of very shiny black slippers with straps. In the doorway looking on stood Mother and Maria and Carlos himself. In the courtyard two chickens looked on, too.

"Which do you like best?" he asked

and a thin dog sniffed at the shoes. Carlos suddenly sat up in surprise. Why he had thought his thoughts straight into a picture!

"That's very nice," said a voice in Spanish above him.

Carlos looked up startled. An American lady stood beside him.

"Where did you learn to do that?" she asked.

"In school," replied Carlos.

"I teach drawing back home in the United States. I think my children would like to know what you boys and girls in Mexico are doing. Suppose you tell me."

So Carlos did. He told her all about the maestro, and how he even taught them how to paint their schoolroom walls. He showed her the other pictures he had finished for the maestro.

"Will you let me take your pictures to show my school children?" asked the teacher. "I'll pay you."

Carlos' eyes shone with excitement.

"I give you my pictures for the American boys and girls," he said.

"Give me your name and your teacher's name and your school. Perhaps some day your class can send pictures to my class, and my class can send pictures to yours."

So she took his name and the maestro's and the school's. She put his pictures in a big book she was carrying. As she left, she closed his hand over some large silver pesos.



"You see, this is business," she said.

The silver clinked merrily in his hand as Carlos ran down the hill. As he turned a sharp corner, he ran into the maestro.

"Look!" cried Carlos.

"She took my pictures to show to the boys and girls in the United States and gave me these pesos. She's going to send us pictures, and we'll send her pictures, and —"

Carlos drew a deep breath. Then he told how he had started out to draw a picture of Taxco, and his thoughts had drawn Anita. His face clouded.

"But, maestro, now I can't show you my picture."

"You learned something better than I could teach you. Never copy another's thoughts. Follow your own. You drew a picture that lived, and so the lady stopped. Now you can buy plenty of paper with that pile of silver!"

Carlos shook his head. "Without Anita I would not have had paper for pictures to go to the United States. I am going to buy Anita white stockings and strap slippers. When school opens again, I shall have more paper. So I shall wait and be content, for Anita will be happy and my father pleased that I do not draw."

"That is good, Carlos."

The boy ran on down to the plaza. Since it was a Saturday afternoon, Anita would probably be there.

Sure enough, there was Anita near the shoe counter. Carlos ran up to her. "Which do you like best?" he asked.

Anita pointed to a shiny black pair with jet buttons. The Indian behind the counter held them out. "Try them on. They are your size."

Anita, greatly tempted, tried them on. They felt stiff and strange on her bare little feet but, oh, they did look so fine! She started to take them off.

"Wait!" commanded Carlos grandly, and began to bargain with the man.

Almost before she knew it, Carlos had agreed on a price for the shoes and a pair of white stockings, too. Silver pesos rang upon the counter.



"I earned them myself, 'Nita,'" Carlos explained proudly, "with my pictures. I sold them."

"Oh-h, I'm glad," said Anita as she clattered happily over the cobbles in her stiff slippers.

To their surprise, the children found the maestro at their home.

"Look," cried Anita twirling around to show her new shoes and stockings. "Carlos bought them." She suddenly stopped and looked at Carlos. How could they explain where he got the money? They had not thought of that. Carlos' face was pale.

"An American teacher took my pictures to show boys and girls back in the States, and she gave me some pesos for them."

Mother and Maria exclaimed proudly, the maestro began to talk very fast, and Carlos' father looked bewildered. Everyone was talking at once. Anita sat down on the floor ready to cry. What would her father do to Carlos?

The father spoke. "I am a tinsmith. So was my father and my father's father. But not even our work has gone to the United States. Perhaps, Don Martin, as you say, I have been hasty." Here he dropped something into the maestro's hand. "I am proud of the boy. Buy him materials and help him. If I can not make of him a good tinsmith, perhaps you can make him a good artist. We shall see."

Carlos' mother beamed upon the maestro. "I am proud that my son can follow his heart and his teacher."

"Perhaps I can earn some centavos and help you, too," whispered Anita.

Carlos smiled. "Some day, when I'm really an artist, you shall have dozens of shoes for your feet — and silk stockings!"

Anita wiggled her toes within the hard leather of her shoes, and began to dream dreams.

But already Carlos was full of thoughts for a new picture for Don Martin—a picture of Anita kneeling before the cement and brick stove; Anita fanning the charcoal fire with a little straw fan to keep the stew simmering; Anita with her bare, brown feet!





"ANCIENT PAINTING"; SWINDLER; YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Men of A-Z

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

ONE day three French boys were exploring a cave on their father's estate in southern France. To do this they had built a boat, for the cave was filled with water. As it was dark, they carried lanterns. When they had gone about two hundred feet on the black stream they found an opening in the wall of rock. It was so small that they could hardly push through it, but fastening the boat so that they could get out again, they wriggled their way through the opening and came out into a great gallery, like the hall of a fairy palace.

Full of excitement, the boys went on, squirming their way through narrow passages leading upward, "until after a final, most difficult passage, the narrowest of all, they entered a chamber fifty feet long and thirty feet across, with a ceiling about twelve feet high. On the floor at the end of this chamber they found traces of a small circle built of stones, and could hardly believe their eyes when their lanterns flashed on a pair of bison modeled in clay." One tail had dropped off and there were cracks across the bodies of both animals, which measured each about three feet in length. But there they stood, whole and very real, with rolls of kneaded clay on the ground near them, and in a small chamber of the same cave, prints of hands and feet in the clay which in time had become covered with a thin coating of limestone. They were the prints of hands and feet of men who had lived about 25,000 years ago!

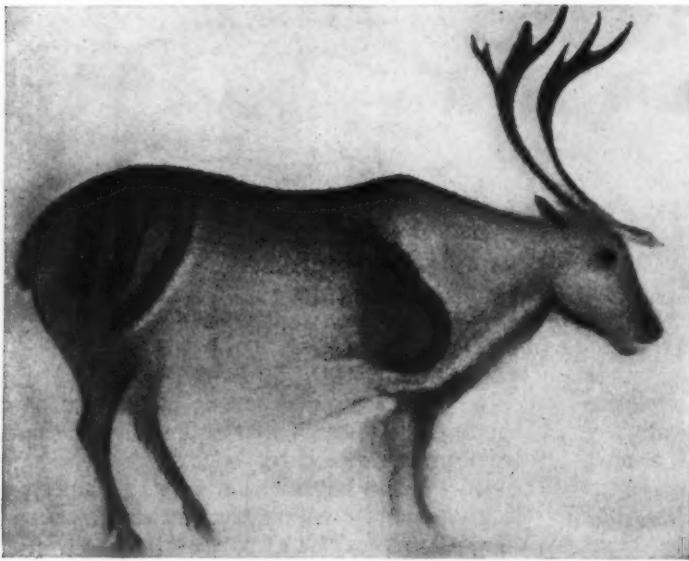
The boys had made a great discovery. Scientists came from far and near to study the clay bison, while the boys, thrilled with their find, went on exploring. They searched the little mountain under which the cavern of the bisons lay, hoping to find other openings. At the top there is a spot where the shepherds like to take their sheep because there is a warm current of air there in winter and a

cool one in summer. That is because of a deep opening like a well or chimney. Down this opening the three boys went by a long rope. At the bottom they found themselves in another cave which has since been named "The Cavern of the Three Brothers."

The walls and roof of this cavern are completely covered with drawings of animals, most of which became extinct in France thousands of years ago. There is the reindeer, the mammoth, the cave bear, the lion, the panther, the stag, "and most frequent of all, the bison." There were also drawings of horses with upstanding manes like a zebra's, small heads and bushy tails. But strangest of all was the picture of a dancing man with reindeer horns on his head and a pelt thrown over his shoulders with the tail hanging down behind. He probably represented a "medicine man" performing a sacred dance just as we see them today among some of our Indian tribes in the Southwest.

In northern Spain, in a cave called Altamira, a Spanish gentleman once went to dig because he hoped he might find traces of ancient man. He took his little girl five years old with him. Inside the cave he lighted candles and began to dig. The cave was so low that he had to kneel while at work. But the child being small could run about easily. Presently she cried out, "Oh, the bulls! See the bulls!" Her father looking up saw with amazement that the roof of the cave, now lighted by the candles, was covered with paintings of buffalo and other animals.

The discovery of these caves and of many others containing weapons and tools, rock pictures and graves of the same type, show us that at one time there was an ancient people spread over much of western Europe; particularly in France and in northern Spain. They are called the Cro-Magnon race because traces of them were first found in a cave by that



"ANCIENT PAINTING"; SWINDLER; YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Painting of a reindeer from the cave of Font-de-Gaume

name. They seem to have settled most thickly in the Valley of the Vézère in France, near what is now the village of Les Eyzies (pronounced A-Z). There they lived for thousands and thousands of years in such numbers that A-Z has come to be known as "the capital of prehistoric man." No doubt it was a good place to live, even in those cold days. There was an ice sheet over most of northern Europe and the climate of A-Z was much like that of Lapland today. The banks of the River Vézère are full of caves which served as shelters. So it is not strange that the men of A-Z were a people of caves and campfires.

Considering that they lived at least 25,000 years ago and that they had no writing in which to leave their record, it is astonishing how much we know about them.

The things that tell us most are their tools, their weapons, their hearths, their art and their graves. Look first at their tool kit—not a scrap of metal in it! There are hammers, picks, spearheads and scrapers with which to clean the skins of animals, but they are all of stone or chipped flint. At first that was all the men of A-Z had with which to procure food and protect themselves against wild beasts. The cave bear and the bison provided good food and warm furs, but they were fierce beasts to attack with a bit of pointed stone fastened to a stick! They must have been brave men who went hunting in those days. We must put that down to their credit.

But though they had only stone weapons and tools, the men of A-Z were far ahead of the men who had gone before them. For ages the chipping of flints had been "man's manual training," teaching brain and hand to work together. The men of A-Z were experts in choosing bits of rock and shaping them into the things they needed. They were also inventive, brainy men, always on the lookout for new materials. And they found at least one thing that made as great a difference in their day as the use of coal has in ours. The new material was bone. No doubt man had always used bone to some extent. But as time went on, a whole new set of implements began to appear

in the Cro-Magnon tool kit. Needles of different sizes, and the borers with which to make the eyes; very delicate indeed. That meant that the women of A-Z had taken to sewing. And here are awls and bodkins and chisels, all of bone and beautifully made. But do not think these things came suddenly. They came slowly with the need for them, and because the men of A-Z were clever enough to invent them.

There was good reason for the increased use of bone. The ice sheet had been creeping farther and farther south. There were few trees and the tundra spread far and near. With the cold the reindeer came in greater numbers than before, bringing new ideas and new comforts and a higher plane of living for the men of A-Z. The reindeer was not a dangerous animal. The hunting was good; there were plenty of skins and furs for clothes, for blankets and tent coverings. Those could be made with the new invention, needles! It must have been like the happy age of the buffalo for our Plains Indians, only much colder.

During the short, warm summers of Lapland, wild flowers and herbs as well as moss cover the ground, and no doubt it was the same in France during the Ice Age. While the warm days lasted, the men of A-Z probably lived in the open.

The men hunted and fished; the women sewed and cooked, and the Cro-Magnon children went blackberrying. They picked crowfoot and sorrel and listened to the whistling

swans. But there were bitter dust storms in summer. That was because the melting edge of the ice sheet left thick layers of dirt and gravel which the west wind caught and blew clear across Europe as far as southern Russia. At such times and during the winter blizzards the men of A-Z must have sought the comfort of the caves. Under rock shelters facing the sun and at the mouths of caverns they lit their hearth fires. There they roasted their game, chipped their flint spearheads and fash-

believed in a future life where the dead would need things. From their skeletons we know they were the sort of people we ourselves are. They had short faces and long heads; deepset eyes and strong chins. They were often six feet tall, and upright.

Perhaps we learn most about them from their art. In Cro-Magnon days, artists carved as well as painted. Sometimes they combined both drawing and painting, first drawing a horse or reindeer in outline, then laying on a flat color, either red, yellow or black, and finally cutting into the stone all around the outline to make the picture stand out. It had taken a long time to find the proper tools and to learn that paint could be made by mixing colored earth with grease. Ten thousand years and more had passed since their forefathers first settled in A-Z. But do not think they had lived peacefully in their caves all that time. There had been invasions and war and trouble for the men of A-Z. They had even been driven from their homes and had wandered in Spain for a time. It was after their return that they did their best bone work and repainted the caves of A-Z. They are called Magdalenians during that period because one of their principal rock shelters has that name today. But they were of the old Cro-Magnon race, and many of them lived in A-Z.

ioned bone and horn into many useful shapes. We know from the charred bones found in the ashes of their hearths that they ate bear and reindeer and buffalo meat, and that they split the shank bones for marrow. But they did more than eat and make weapons as they sat around the fire. There was an effort now to make things beautiful as well as useful. Here we have another point about the men of A-Z. They loved decoration. More than that, they liked to adorn themselves. We have seen from their needles that they cared about clothes. That may have been simply for warmth. But now we find pendants and beads of pebbles, shells, teeth and bone pierced to be worn as ornaments. Their graves tell us the same story. In a cave near Mentone in southern France were found the skeletons of two children who had been buried there. They were covered with tiny shells pierced through as though they had been sewn together in a mantle. Near them was a woman under a heap of shells; and a man with arms crossed and his head on a block of red stone. Tools of different kinds were laid on his forehead and chest, and he had been buried with a crown and necklace of pierced shells. Probably he was a great person in those days. From the fact that these people put tools and weapons in their graves they probably

One of their most important caves is called Font-de-Gaume, and is entered through a narrow passage in the cliff, higher than a man's head at first, but growing lower until one has to bend nearly double to avoid the rocky roof. Then suddenly it opens into a lofty space. This seems to have been a special sort of cave, not used as a house, since no hearth has been found there. The walls of the cavern as well as of the passage are covered with animal

(Continued on page 23)



"ANCIENT PAINTING"; SWINDLER; YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Drawing of a wolf from Font-de-Gaume



"ANCIENT PAINTING"; SWINDLER; YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Bellowing bison from Altamira



She scrambled into the shop. "Here it comes," she cried

THE day came when the bride's belongings were carried through the streets to Uncle Sing's house in Silk and Satin Lane. Ching-ling, who had been playing shuttlecock, was the first to see the procession moving slowly down the street. On the shoulders of the first two men was the camphorwood chest with its lid thrown open to show the pile of new quilts inside.

She scrambled into the shop and told Uncle Sing. "Here it comes, here it comes," she cried excitedly.

The procession had reached their house, and all the neighbors crowded about to look at the things.

"What fine quilts the house of Wu makes for its daughters!" said Chen Mother, looking at the pile of quilts in the camphorwood chest.

"And the dishes," said Flying Swallow. "Look at the bowls of twilight blue, filling the tray."

"And jackets of silk!" gasped the women as the dresses, neatly folded and spread upon trays, passed them. Each woman looked down at her own blue cotton jacket.

"Well, and is she not the daughter of a silk weaver?" said Chen Mother. "That explains that." They felt much better.

Ching-ling stood in a corner and watched

The Bride's Chair Comes

ESTHER WOOD

Pictures by Kurt Wiese

as the quilts were lifted from the chest, the dresses spread out upon the bed and the dishes placed upon the table with a vase of paper peonies.

All that evening their house was filled with neighbors who came in to admire the dresses, the flowered quilts and the bowls of twilight blue. It had been a long time since such fine things had come to Silk and Satin Lane.

Ching-ling sat neglected in a corner and said nothing. Now things would be spoiled. "She'll put on airs with all these fine clothes," she thought dismally. "Probably she'll be cross and order me about."

Well, at least she, Ching-ling, wouldn't be there to welcome her—even if all the neighbors did crowd in. She'd go away for the day as if the coming of Limpid Light made no difference at all to her. She'd go early in the morning, stay away all day, and at dusk she would come home, carelessly, as if the day were just like any other.

Early the next morning Ching-ling packed a little lunch, wrapped it in a blue cloth and called Yu-yu to go for a walk with her. "I'll keep him all day," she said to the baby's mother as she lifted him up on her back and trotted off.

For an hour they sat in the sunshine on the railing of a Heaven's Circle Bridge where they could see the boats coming and going on the canal. There were boats full of vegetables, ducks and pigs coming in from the country, and flat barges full of bales and boxes going out to the small towns. But, strange to say, Ching-ling was not as interested as she had been on other days. Time passed slowly.

For an hour they sat at the feet of a story-teller and listened to his tales. When he passed his bowl in the crowd, and Ching-ling remembered she had no copper to give him,

she picked up Yu-yu and went on her way.

They found an old pagoda and climbed the worn stone steps to the very top where they could lean out of the window beneath the up-turned corners of the roof. It was fun to look down on the roofs and the narrow, crooked streets of the town. But she couldn't spend a whole day, leaning out of the window. Time went by so slowly.

Remembering her friend, the jade merchant in Heavenly Fir Tree Street, Ching-ling went to call on him. He was surprised to see her. "Isn't this the wedding day of your uncle?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Ching-ling, "but what of that?"

The jade merchant said nothing, for he was a wise man and knew when to be quiet. He brought out his ivory chessmen, and the two of them played a whole game without speaking.

What a long day this had been! Never before had Ching-ling had trouble in passing the time. Never before had an hour seemed like a whole day in itself.

But at least she hadn't been one of the crowd to greet her new aunt.

In the yellow dusk, Silk and Satin Lane was agog with excitement. Ching-Ling could feel it in the air as she turned the corner by the teahouse with the wind bells under the eaves. Far down the street she could see lighted lanterns bobbing above the heads of the people and, as they came near, she saw a red sedan chair. It was a beautiful chair with red curtains hanging about it and red and gold ornaments on top. It was carried high in the air on the shoulders of two men. The bride's chair was coming.

Before she knew it, Ching-ling was hustled along with the friends who pushed their way into the house. She watched the bride being lifted from the chair and carried across the doorstep where a charcoal fire burned. She watched her uncle and the woman make their bows to ancestors' tablets which stood on the table between the two pewter candlesticks.

Ching-ling really meant to stay in a corner and pay no attention. But she was filled with curiosity when the bride walked past her, and she peeked through the beaded veil that hung over the

woman's face. To her surprise, she saw not a mean, old woman, but a young one—hardly more than a girl.

She was shy and just a little frightened, for this was her first trip away from her own home.

Without thinking what she did, Ching-ling pushed her way up to the bride and squeezed her hand. She would like to have told her how nice it was, living at Uncle Sing's house, but she didn't know just how to say it. The young woman looked down at her grimy little face and smiled.

"I know you are Ching-ling," she whispered. "I'm glad there is a little girl here."

"I'm glad you are here, too," said Ching-ling, rubbing her cheek against the young woman's sleeve.

This wasn't at all the way she had planned it, as she had thought about it all day.

"But it's nicer this way," said Ching-ling to herself as she bounded off to help Elder Brother pass wedding cakes to the guests and light firecrackers in the street.

(This is one chapter from a whole book about Ching-Ling, called "Silk and Satin Lane" and just published by Longmans, Green and Company, New York.—Editor.)



The bride's chair was coming

The Calendar Story

IF YOU ever go to China, you will be sure to notice in walking through the streets the enormous number of stone and wooden monuments and memorials. Often these are scarcely more than two stories high, but the pagodas, many of them as tall as thirteen stories, usually stand at the top of a hill, or at least on the highest elevation in the town if the land is flat. Then there are tall stone tablets, or *stupa*, generally found around the ancient temples, and inscribed to commemorate important events in history or with quotations from the classics.

The widow's monument on the Calendar page is one of many stone arches called in China *pailows*. Elizabeth Foreman Lewis, who lived for many years in China, tells us that when a woman lived through her widowhood virtuously, serving her husband's family and refusing offers of marriage, it was the custom for her family and friends to go to the local officials at the time of her death and ask that an arch be erected in her memory. The officials then took the matter to the Governor, and he to the Emperor, since these arches were

always built on public highways. If the Emperor approved, he gave the widow a special title and this, together with the date and the Emperor's name, was worked into the arch. Thus everyone passing through could read the tribute to the woman it honored.

The city of Yen Chow is on the Ch'ien T'ang River, one of the most beautiful in China. It was named for an old hermit, Yen Ts'i-ling, who was a recluse in the Han Dynasty, and as history goes he was a close friend of the Emperor. He was urged by Kuang Wo to take office but refused, choosing to spend his life as a wanderer. Eventually he returned to Yenchow (then called Luchow) and lived as a hermit. The Emperor searched for him and finally found him in a humble cottage on the banks of the Ch'ien T'ang. A temple has been erected to the hermit in the river gorge between Tung-lu and Yenchow. It stands on a beautiful spot with two high cliffs and is known as "The Fishing Platform." Yen Ts'i-ling was very fond of fishing and one small fish found in near-by waters, and considered a delicacy, is named for him, too!

Uncle Sam's Nursery for Fawns



SINCE 1934 the Federal Government has conducted a deer nursery in the Pisgah National Forest Game Preserve in North Carolina. From there fawns are shipped to forests throughout the country when they are old enough to take care of themselves. Game wardens find the new-born deer in the forests, and natives are also paid four dollars apiece for fawns which they bring in. The young animals are thus protected from their natural enemies, which would otherwise kill a large proportion of them, and several hundred are now shipped from the nursery each year.

(From the "New York Times." Photo by U. S. Forest Service, Southern Region.)

The game warden has found a new-born fawn, which doesn't yet realize that it is now sure of a safe childhood

Something to Read

An Ear for Uncle Emil

E. R. GAGGIN

Viking Press: \$2.00: Ages 8 to 10

RESI WITT lived in a little house with a pink door, high on the mountain. Uncle Emil was a herdsman doll who belonged to her. He had once had a pair of stalwart arms that supported gayly painted milk buckets, and silver buttons on his jacket. But these had disappeared long since, for whenever Gigi, the old gray goose, could get hold of Uncle Emil, she pecked him.

When Gigi pecked away Uncle Emil's last ear, Resi decided that something really had to be done about the herdsman. But when she took him down mountain to the doll-maker on Toymaker Street, and asked for a new ear, he looked doubtful. "If I were you," said Mr. Oberegg, "I'd feed what's left to him to Gigi and get a new doll."

Resi's cheeks flamed red. "Why, Mr. Oberegg!" she said. "Uncle Emil is family, and you don't throw away family when their ears fall off!"

"I suppose not," said Mr. Oberegg, "but at the very least I advise a new head." And that was the beginning of a great change in Uncle Emil.

Before she was through, Resi gradually turned Uncle Emil into a pretty little mountain maid like herself, complete with red ruffled skirts and black velvet bodice. After that she decided to change his name to Emilie.

Many things were happening on the mountain, in the meantime. There was Peter Kirchli and his goat Edelweiss, who was "a crazy old goat" when she bumped the wrong things, but "an old sweetie" when she bumped the right ones. There was the Marching Mountain Maids' Accordion Unit, of which Resi was the head. And there was Resi's herdsman father, who sang to Resi:

"Oh, my maid of the mountain,
Her cheeks are like roses;

You ought to see how tilted up that maid's nose is!

Her hair's gold as butter,
Her eyes blue as seas,
Oh, she's sweet as the honey from the high meadow bees.

JUCH-HE-EE!"

—C. E. W.

Perri

FELIX SALTEN

Bobbs, Merrill: \$2.50

PERRI is a very interesting tale which the author has told from the squirrel's viewpoint. It is about Perri, a little female squirrel; Porro, the "boy" squirrel, and their friend, Annerle, the little three-year-old human, who understood and loved the wild creatures of the forest.

Perri and Porro swished merrily through the treetops all their earlier days, learning of life and growing up. They escaped the martens, crows and other enemies and had a very exciting time until winter came. Then they mourned the going of the leaves and the growing shortness of the days.

Drugged with sleep and yet terribly hungry, Perri would sometimes venture out on the frozen ground and icy branches in search of food. Winter finally passed, the snow melted in the warm winds, and spring came.

One reason I liked this book was because it is about nature yet it proved that animals are a great deal like humans. The animals in the story acted like humans, but did not get into so much trouble and kept from fighting just by avoiding those they had no use for or feared. The magpie was always gossiping. The woodpecker was a happy chap and sang and chattered all day. Every buck deer was a prince and walked and acted like one. The other animals thought the dogs were queer because they worked so hard and were so busy, but in a pinch the dogs, like busy people, proved to be the most useful.

—Florence Sarah Gwin—Third Year, Gordon Junior High School, Washington, D. C.



American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Published monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN NATIONAL Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1939, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Notice of any individual subscriber's change of address must be sent direct to the Washington office.

VOL. 21

OCTOBER, 1939

NO. 2

National Officers of the American Red Cross

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.....	President
CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.....	Vice-President
HERBERT HOOVER.....	Vice-President
NORMAN H. DAVIS.....	Chairman
ROBERT H. JACKSON.....	Counselor
JOHN W. HANES.....	Treasurer
MABEL T. BOARDMAN.....	Secretary
JAMES L. FIESER.....	Vice-Chairman
JAMES K. MCCLINTOCK.....	Vice-Chairman
ERNEST J. SWIFT.....	Vice-Chairman

American Junior Red Cross

JAMES T. NICHOLSON.....	National Director
LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR.....	Assistant National Director
ELLEN MCBRYDE BROWN.....	Editor

We Like to Get Letters

WE DO LIKE to get letters from our readers. We don't get nearly enough of them. Won't you plan this year to write to us now and then and tell us what you do—or don't—like in your magazine? It is yours, you know, and we want you to read and enjoy it. Do you, for example, enjoy our book reviews? Do you care for poetry? Would you like more or less on nature subjects? And won't you send us in your own accounts of what you are doing in your Junior Red Cross?

We were pleased by a letter we got from Washington School, New Brunswick, New Jersey. We liked it not only because the children said they enjoyed the magazine, but also because they were making good use of it, we thought:

One day a boy in our class, named Martin, looked in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS for March, and found a story called "Martin Wanted a Pony." He studied it carefully and then read it to the class. We liked it so well that one of the girls decided to memorize it and tell it to the children at Junior Assembly. The next Saturday she told it to a group of children at the Carnegie Free Public Library in our city.

We thought you might like to know how much we all like the stories and the news, too, in the magazine.

Yours truly,

Margaret Ruck
Grade 4½—9 years old

Announcements

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago the world's Red Cross was started by the signing of a treaty at Geneva, Switzerland. Then Henri Dunant saw a dream realized, a dream of a "neutral band of mercy" which had haunted him ever since he had seen and heard the agonies of the dying and wounded neglected on the battlefield of Solferino in 1859. His "Souvenir of Solferino," describing these scenes and urging the formation of what became the Red Cross, was circulated in every civilized country. This "cry of a great and noble heart," as it has been called, had a great influence and so is one of the historic documents in the story of human progress. To commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Red Cross Treaty of Geneva in 1864, volunteers of the American National Red Cross have translated the "Souvenir of Solferino" into English.

It may be had from the Headquarters office, Washington, D. C., for fifty cents.

International relations in the world today are even worse than they were seventy-five years ago. But at least we now have a Red Cross, and people in distress look to it for help. The obligations of the Red Cross in every country are greater than ever. That is why this year the American National Red Cross has chosen for its Annual Roll Call, from November 11 to 30, the slogan "Keep Your Red Cross Ready." As Junior members of the American Red Cross, you will want to help with Roll Call next month. Ask your Chapter what you can do.

If there has been a change in teachers since last year, your school may not know why the NEWS is coming. Well, it is because some time last year the school enrolled in the American Junior Red Cross.

You'd better look into the date of enrollment, so you will be ready for enrolling again a year from that date. It is a good idea to keep one complete file of the magazine for your school library each year.

A Polish Junior Red Cross group wrote in an album sent to a school in the United States:

If you send us stamps in your next portfolio, please be so kind and do not cut the edges with scissors. There are many boys here who are collecting stamps. They are very sorry that your stamps have the edges cut off.



NATIONAL MUSEUM
Obsidian knife

Indian Arrowheads

RUTH E. NORRIS

EVEN though there are large exhibits of Indian arrowheads in museums and many persons have collections of their own, these weapons have been and still may be found throughout the country in old Indian burying grounds, in and near springs, along streams that were well known to the Indian, and even perhaps near where you live. Most of the Indian weapons are found near the surface of the soil, not buried deep. Many of them have been broken by the deep-cutting shares of the white man's plow, by the sharp metal teeth of his harrow, or by the knife-like edge of the steel discs of his farm machinery.

You needn't waste time hunting in swampy, marshy land, for the Indian, like the white man, disliked the mosquitoes, snakes and insects that like to live in bogs. One of the best places to look is in or near old springs that have filled up or have for some reason been abandoned. A good spring of fresh running water was held almost sacred by the Indian; here he performed many of his ceremonial rites; into the clear crystal depths of these springs he threw his choicest arrowheads, and other ceremonial objects as offerings to some great spirit. Then, too, the Indian made many of his weapons beside a good water supply. If you find broken arrowheads beside a spring, you may be sure some long-ago Indian broke them when he was in the act of making them.

The Indians who made arrowheads lived nearer our time than those who made the spearhead, a much larger and cruder weapon. Spearheads of granite measuring up to fourteen inches have been found, while few arrowheads are more than two inches long, and many not more than one-half inch. These very small ones were used to kill birds. Strings of small arrowheads were often worn about the necks of Indian

girls, much as girls today wear beads. When worn in this manner they were to keep away evil spirits.

In making their arrowheads, the Indians used a number of hard substances such as flint, obsidian (volcanic glass), chert, sinew, horn, shell, wood and copper. They liked to use semi-precious stones, both on account of their hardness and because of their beauty. Arrowheads of black jasper, rock crystal and agate are very beautiful and highly prized by the collector. The finest collections in museums, however, do not contain more than a half dozen arrowheads of these rare materials.

Flint was so commonly used in making arrowheads that flint means arrowheads to most people. It is a kind of clay, one time a soft mud, in which

there is some iron or other mineral which gives it hardness. Flint can be found in almost every part of the United States. The Indians used it more than all other materials, not only because it was so plentiful, but because it had no veins or seams that would split when struck with force. Flint breaks off only at those points where it is struck. They could make flint chip just where they wanted it to. The Indian made his arrowhead by hand. He was so skillful in his craft that the finished arrowhead



FIGURE FROM THE NATIONAL MUSEUM
Sharpening a broken arrowhead

was true in form, shapely, and a work of art.

The broken arrowheads which lie buried near springs are fairly good evidence that they

were made by the dropping-water method. The maker held a piece of heated flint and dropped water through a straw so that the drop struck only the place he wished chipped. The temperature of the flint as well as the size of the drop of water determined the size of the chipping. By turning the arrowhead first on one side and then the other, and by dropping beads of water on the side next to him, he was able to keep the shape uniform. Only flint arrowheads were made in this manner.

The Indian could not work with obsidian (volcanic glass) in the same manner that he did with flint, for water dropped on heated glass tends to make it too brittle for use. Two workers were needed to make arrowheads of obsidian. One worker held a piece of obsidian on a pad of leather in the palm of his left hand. His helper, who sat facing him, held in his left hand a chipping tool of stone, deer horn, or bone pressed firmly against the piece of obsidian. He gently tapped the end of the chipping tool with a mallet held in his right hand. Vibrations which were set up by this tapping caused small portions to be sheared loose wherever the worker wished. The finished arrowhead glistened like a large, finely cut gem, for obsidian is very hard black or dark-colored glass.

Arrowheads of turtle, bear or panther claws were believed to strike the enemy with magic power. The Indians made still another kind of arrowhead, called the sinew point, which he preferred to flint in hunting buffalo. Flint arrowheads, he had learned by experience, too frequently broke off when they struck the buffalo's ribs.

The sinew point was made from the hard

sinew which lies along the top of a buffalo's neck and holds it up. Sinew, when dried, made points which were not only very sharp, but flexible enough to pass around the bony structure of the rib section and go far into the animal's body.

A scraping tool, better known as a fleshing knife, and the skinning knife were made in the same manner as the arrowheads. The fleshing knife was thin, even and sharp. By using these instruments the Indian secured all the game he needed for food, tools and clothing.

A law which the Indian followed without variation was not to kill more game than he actually needed.

Indians the country over regarded a supply of flint as well as a mound of clay for pipes and pottery as everybody's property. Members of various tribes are known to have drawn from the same source at one time or peaceably waited their turn to work at their craft. Disputes resulting in wars did not arise from the question of ownership of these materials.

Whether the Indian intended to kill or to wound was clearly shown in the way he fastened his arrowhead to the shaft. The war arrowhead was fastened loosely so that it would remain in the flesh of the enemy when the shaft was withdrawn.

The hunting arrowhead was firmly secured to the shaft so that it could be recovered in one piece, for this same arrowhead could be used many times in the course of a season's hunting.

The next time you find a spear-shaped rock you will, no doubt, be eager to know if it could be an Indian arrowhead. Perhaps what you have just read will help you to know, as well

as to figure out by which method it was made. Many facts about the lives of early peoples are revealed in their buried relics. If you start looking for these Indian relics, you may be rewarded by finding buried treasure in your own back yard or on your next trip to the country.

(*The Indians who used these arrowheads were in a Stone Age period of culture.—Editor.*)



This group of figures from the National Museum shows how quartzite boulders were quarried and made into arrowheads or knives.

American Mail for Stockholm

THE letters for the album sent by the fifth-graders of Perkins Institution, Boston, Massachusetts, to correspondents in Stockholm, Sweden, were all written in braille by the American children. Their teacher typed them for the album which was filled with interesting snapshots and photographs of scenes around the school and postcards of famous Boston buildings. Interesting facts were given about many of the buildings. The whole album was well planned to interest readers in another country. The Perkins Institution fifth-graders wrote:

We received your letter telling us about Stockholm and your school. It was very interesting and educational. We wish, however, that you would send us an album, or pictures and samples of your handwork, and of your school and Stockholm. Although Perkins Institution is a school for the blind, you may include pictures, for some of us can see a little.

We thought you might like to know a little bit about us, so we are sending you a picture of ourselves and our teacher. We are fifth-grade children. There are nine girls and two boys in our class. We are from eleven to fourteen years of age.

We write with a slate and a blunt-pointed instrument called a stylus. The writing we do is a series of dots called braille. Louis Braille, a Frenchman, invented it about a hundred years ago. It was named after him. One or more dots means a letter.

We also learn a kind of writing called squarehand. For this we use a pencil and a special grooved board. A sample of squarehand writing in the form of a poem made up by one of the girls will be included in our album.

Pupils live at Perkins during the school year. However, we go home for vacations. Our school year begins in September. We go home for Christmas in December and usually stay about two weeks. We go home for Easter in March or April and stay approximately ten days. Our summer vacation begins in



The gardens at Perkins

June, and usually lasts about three months.

Perkins Institution is a school for the blind, but there are a few children who have a little vision, although not enough to read print.

Perkins Institution is a very beautiful place. It is one of the loveliest spots in the United States. Our school is especially beautiful in the spring and summer when the flowers are in bloom.

At our school there are 139 girls and 110 boys. Perkins Institution is divided into the Upper School and the Lower School. In the Lower School are the kindergarten and the first six grades. In the Upper School there are the last six grades. This takes the pupils through high school.

Perkins Institution has a tower which is about 175 feet high. It has eight bells in it. Every Sunday morning one of the blind Upper School boys goes up and plays hymns on the bells.

At our school there is a pond on which our gym teacher takes us out boating.

The Upper School boys and girls each have a separate close, or walk, between the cottages and their classrooms. We are including a picture of the older girls walking in their close.

The Upper School boys have what is called a wand drill. Have you ever done such a drill?

On the playgrounds are many things on



Some of the boys have hens and sell the eggs

which we can play. For instance, there are swings, teeters, and many other things. We also have a skating rink. We are sending you a picture of the girls' skating rink with six girls skating on it. In the background you can see the teeters, swings and trees.

Some of the boys have hens from which they get eggs to sell outside the school to customers. We are including a picture of the chicken coop and some boys feeding the hens.

Sometimes we give plays in assembly. The last picture is one of a play which a few of the Lower School boys gave. The name of it was "Robin Hood." In the picture you can see a sandtable with an exhibit of the play on it. Standing beside the table is a boy dressed as Robin Hood.

We want to explain the projects and study of our classroom. The name of our unit this year is "Where Our Ways of Living Come From."

We are sending some pictures of our hand-work along that line.

The first picture shows the sandtable in which we have represented the first two ages, the Beginning of Life and the Amphibian Age. Behind the sandtable you see two children holding a model of the solar system.

Our large sandtable is divided into four ages. The Reptile Age had the biggest animals that we know of.

They are sometimes called dinosaurs. The next age is the Mammal Age. At that time the animals developed fur and hair. Also in that period, flowers, trees, birds, bees, and primates came into being.

The Glacial Ages came next, when the earth became cold and great sheets of ice were formed. Man lived in caves and made fires. The next age shown on this sandtable is the Beginning of Civilization. In this age weaving and domestication of plants and animals, among other things, came into being.

The last picture in this group shows a variety of work. On the right of the table is our Egyptian exhibit. It includes clay and plasticene models of the pyramids, an ancient vase and lamp from our own museum, a sheet of papyrus paper on which we have written with ink which we made, and a scroll like those which the Egyptians used.

Perhaps you would like to know how we made our papyrus paper. We sent away to Egypt to get some papyrus plants. We took the pith and cut it into thin strips, and soaked it for a few days.

Then we pounded it, after which we put a layer going up and down and the top layer going crosswise to the first. In between we put some library paste, after which we put a heavy weight on it. We are sending you a small piece of this paper.

In the center of this picture at the back is a large plasticene map of the United States which one of us made. It shows mountains, rivers, lakes, a few cities, and the Lincoln Highway which goes across our country. Just in front of it are two wax tablets which we made when we were studying Greece and Rome. We each wrote our names in Greek on the top and in Latin on the bottom. In the middle of the picture there are several mats which we wove while studying the Beginning of Civilization. In the sample of weaving which we are sending you, we have all had a part.

On the left side of this picture you see some clay tablets. On these tablets we have written Nebuchadnezzar in cuneiform writing. This is the kind of writing that the Babylonians used. It is a kind of wedge-shaped writing.

You also can see clay dishes and bowls which we made. The best ones we took home for Christmas presents.

We hope you will enjoy our pictures and the exhibits of our work.

October News

RED CROSS Home and Farm Accident Prevention Week begins this year on October 23, and American Junior Red Cross members will be distributing and using the Red Cross check list to find what they can do to correct accident hazards in their homes and on the farm.

An original play, "The Meeting of the Safety Hazards," was written and produced by pupils in the Belle H. Stone School, Canton, Ohio. Later a copy was included in a school correspondence album sent to India.

As the curtain on the stage was drawn, an announcer said, "Some of the common safety hazards have just called a meeting. Let's join them and see what they are so angry about." And the play continued:

Hearth Fire: We are gathered here today at the suggestion of our good friend, Matches, to write a set of rules on our care and use.

Matches: I think it is a shame the way people blame us for so many fires. If they could only understand that we can not light ourselves. May I suggest a good rule?

Hearth Fire: Why certainly; go ahead.

Matches: Always be sure a match is out before you throw it away.

Gasoline Can: I am unfairly blamed for causing explosions. My place is in automobiles, not in furnaces or stoves. Keep gasoline away from fire.

Oily Rag: I wish people would not store me along with old papers in cellars and attics. The heat in attics is so intense that I often catch on fire.

Iron: I am blamed for causing fires, too, but I can't disconnect myself any more than Matches can light himself. "Always disconnect an iron when through using it" is another good rule to follow.

Loose Rug: I can cause many serious accidents if I am not tacked down, especially on stairways.

Knife: People handle me so carelessly; then they wonder why they get cut. I should be kept out of reach of all little children.

Electric Light: I am a very dangerous thing when handled with wet hands, for I can cause

serious shocks. I wish people would remember that.

Rifle: It is often said that I am not loaded, but more often than not I am. I should also be kept away from small children.

Hearth Fire: I should be protected by a fire screen, so that no sparks fly out of the grate and set hair or dress on fire. Combs and other celluloid articles should be kept away from me, for celluloid is very inflammable. Let's repeat all the rules for the prevention of accidents in order now. Matches, will you begin?

Matches: Always be sure a match is out before you throw it away.

Gasoline Can: Keep gasoline away from fire.

Oily Rag: Keep cellars and attics free from oily rags and old papers.

Iron: Always disconnect an iron when through using it.

Loose Rug: Tack down all rugs on stairways.

Knife: Keep knives out of reach of young children.

Electric Light: Never touch electric switches with wet hands.

Rifle: Never point a gun at anyone.



Kansas City, Kansas, members with accident prevention check lists they are about to take home

Hearth Fire: Protect a fire in a grate by a fire screen.

IN HAMMOND, Indiana, Junior Red Cross members read safety stories, broadcast a safety play written by pupils, posted safety slogans in the schools, gave talks in assembly, won a state-wide first aid contest, earned certificates in Red Cross courses in home hygiene, first aid and life saving, and presented two movies on safety. Older students with instructors' certificates gave the courses in first aid. Three schools had a fire prevention program.

A Junior Red Cross Committee was appointed in the Park and Division Schools, Ashtabula, Ohio, to make a survey of people crossing streets at noon. The committee met with the City Council which acted on the information received from J. R. C. members. Traffic policemen were transferred to corners where there were no traffic lights and arrangements were made for student-patrol of streets regulated by lights.

The Home Room Committee of Chestnut Street School in Ashtabula planned and worked out a complete safety program for each room and for the patrol of the playground throughout the year.

LAST AUTUMN the Juniors of Villecroze, Var, sent to Junior Red Cross headquarters in Paris a good supply of linden leaves (tilleul), gathered in their village. With

this was money from their Service Fund to buy other supplies for needy families. The linden leaves are used in the same way as tea, and the beverage is popular in the country, where people often gather enough blossoms to last through the winter. The drink replaces tea and coffee at night, and is sometimes taken for colds.

THIRTEEN bushels of windfall apples were collected by Juniors of the Horace Greeley School in Chappaqua, New York, and sent to a home for convalescent children. DeWitt Clinton School of Mount Vernon, made hand-blocked calendars for everyone in the local old people's homes. A list of birthdays has been secured and a group of Juniors visit the Homes on each birthday bringing flowers and cakes to the celebrants. A committee from Roosevelt School, New Rochelle, made a survey of the local Day Nursery. A kiddie car, wagon, doll carriage and dolls, games, picture books, modeling clay, puzzles and other small gifts were sent to the nursery as a result of the survey.

The Junior Red Cross of Franklin Elementary School, Lakewood, Ohio, made a Hallowe'en centerpiece for old folks at the Church Home. They used dried squash, peppers and cones. The vegetables were painted with show-card colors, shellacked, and arranged on a tin cookie sheet which acted as a reflecting tray.

Juniors in the Elm Road School, Warren, Ohio, arrange entertainments for all holidays at the local Community House. At Hallowe'en, enough doughnuts, apples and false faces were sent for several parties. Some of the boys and girls have visited the Community House, studied the work being done there, and reported back to the school.

Whenever students in School No. 231, Baltimore, Maryland, learned something especially interesting in their science classes, they jotted down the information and made "Believe It or Not" and "Did You Know?" scrapbooks. During art periods covers



Junior members of Grand Rapids, Michigan, made a quilt marking on the squares the names of those who contributed to the Service Fund. The quilt was given to a girl in the orthopedic department of a Home for Children.

and illustrations were made, and when the booklets were completed they were sent to children in the Harriet Lane Home.

THERE ARE only about a dozen pupils in the Eakin, Illinois, School but Juniors there earned enough money through the sale of candy to pay for the crayons, balls, handkerchiefs and other gifts which were packed in Christmas boxes to be sent abroad.

There are three Mexican pupils who knew no English at all when they entered school. As a Junior Red Cross service the other students made a scrapbook of pictures of familiar objects, with the name of each in large letters below. The use of the booklet was a big help to the Mexican boys in trying to learn English.

FIRE BROKE out in the village of Nizna (formerly Czechoslovakia), which was practically destroyed, and a number of people were injured. As soon as the village was approachable, the Juniors from the neighboring town of Tistna set out with clothes, shoes and underwear which they had collected. They headed straight for a house flying the Red Cross flag, and did what they could to help the nurses with the children, and also made out lists of articles destroyed or damaged. Then the Nizna Juniors wrote to members in schools in neighboring villages and the response was so generous that all needs were filled. An Easter egg, a bunny and some oranges were taken to one little girl who was rescued from the flames and sent to a hospital.

THE HUNGARIAN Junior Red Cross Journal tells how members there earn money for their Service Fund. Some help farmers during the harvest to strip the grain from corn cobs, some gather horse chestnuts, and others gather medicinal herbs. Chopping and sawing wood is another way these Juniors earn money. Through funds raised from the sale of handwork, twenty-eight pupils are given breakfast of warm milk and bread.

ESTHER MARIE FREE, a student of the Elm Street School at High Point, North Carolina, told delegates attending the Red Cross Regional Conference at Charlotte, how the J. R. C. Council at her school is organized.



Earning money to join the American Junior Red Cross. The High St. School of Geneva, New York, used this and other photographs of their projects as posters in store windows during Roll Call

First of all, she said, the Council serves as a clearing house for all civic and welfare activities. There is a representative from each class on the executive board of the Council.

Council members bring reports of activities to the monthly meetings, and these are discussed along with activities in safety, health, citizenship and the social studies. Members tell the ways the News is used in the classrooms, and make suggestions for improvement of the school.

Eighteen senior and sixteen junior patrol boys form the Safety Division of the Council. The boys watch out for the safety of children both on the streets and in the building and school grounds.

Juniors appointed as cafeteria monitors serve as hosts and hostesses in the school cafeteria. They help to teach good table manners, clean tables when the children have finished their lunches, and lead groups quietly out to the playground.

Another division of the Council is known as "Junior Red Cross Nurses." Members are trained to give first aid to children who are hurt at school, to keep the clinic neat, and to promote safety so as to reduce accidents. They also make posters for the clinic.

Basement monitors are chosen from the fifth grade. They are responsible for "cleanliness, healthful habits, and consideration for others."

The Elm Street Juniors join with other



Louisville, Kentucky, members collected 5,000 coat hangers and sold them

schools in High Point in carrying on a well-rounded local, national and international program.

TWENTY-NINE varieties of Philippine flowers were described and pictured in exquisitely embroidered designs in the album Badian, Cebu, Elementary School Junior Red Cross members prepared for fellow-correspondents in California. A group of purple orchids ran the full length of the white-satin cover which also bore the name of the school in small letters. The pages were arranged with a description and interesting bits of information on the use and origin of each flower.

The album had been carefully planned with regard to design and color. The lovely white dove orchid with its green stem was embroidered on a pale yellow silk background; the red hibiscus with yellow center and green leaves was worked out on white satin. The Filipinos excel in embroidery work.

In the back of the album several stunning pen and ink sketches of unusual Philippine flowers were grouped together.

A similar Philippine album, equally as beautiful, was made by the Samboan Elementary School. In addition to flowers, there were embroidered reproductions of several native grasses. Each design was worked out on a square of material edged with fine tatting or crochet.

LAST SPRING, for the first time, a radio

message acknowledged receipt of a school correspondence album. Broadcasting from amateur radio station W5GNF, Marie Nelson flashed: "To Junior Red Cross State School 484, Coburg, Victoria, Australia. Greetings via short wave amateur radio to all those who assisted in making this beautiful portfolio forwarded to the Junior Red Cross in Dallas, Texas. Stop. These greetings from Executive Secretary Red Cross Chapter in Fort Smith, Arkansas, direct by radio. Stop. Your interesting portfolio ins-

spected en route to its destination. Marie Nelson."

The message was picked up by Mr. F. Bail of Box Hill, and the Coburg Juniors sent a reply over station VK3YS: "State School 484, Coburg, Victoria, Australia, thanks you for kind message of greeting. Stop. We think that the kindly feeling engendered by this friendly interchange will help to bind our countries still more firmly in the bonds of friendship."

The exchange of radio messages was reported in *I Serve*, the Junior Red Cross magazine published in Victoria.

THE JUNIORS of Broach, Province of Bombay, India, arranged a food and health exhibition last fall, and worked hard to make it a success. The exhibition had more than two dozen sections dealing with various kinds of common Indian foodstuffs. Posters made by J. R. C. members were displayed and moving picture shows and competitions in public speaking were part of the program.

PROGRAMS for the J. R. C. meetings of the Little Flower Academy at Vancouver, British Columbia, include songs, recitations and health plays. After the meeting, refreshments prepared by the students are served in the school cafeteria.

Each year these members have a Hallowe'en concert and the money raised is used to buy wool which is knitted into garments. These are sent to local hospitals and to fam-

ilies which need clothes for their babies.

Before Christmas the Academy has a Potato Day, an Apple Day, and a Tin Goods Day. Each member is asked to bring in at least one potato, one apple, and one can of food. The gifts are put in apple boxes covered with brown wrapping paper and decorated with strips of red and green crêpe paper. They are sent to the poor in time for the holidays.

To raise money for books and a bookcase for the school library, bottles, coat hangers, magazines and stamps are collected and sold. Sales of candy and handwork help, too.

More than a thousand magazines were collected last year for the Military Hospital and Hostels for Working Girls and Unemployed Men. Some 50,000 stamps were sent to the Missionary Stamp Bureau.

ALMOST 300 J. R. C. members attended the annual convention of the South San Joaquin Valley District of the J. R. C. which was held in Fresno, California.

A general meeting took place in the morning and as the delegates assembled, selections were played by the John Muir Elementary School Orchestra. Following the invocation, pledge to the flag and addresses of welcome by city, school and Red Cross officials, the J. R. C. song was sung by the Jefferson School.

(Continued from page 9)

pictures drawn with black lines filled in with colored paints. The drawings are at the height of a man standing. With an electric torch in hand we can study these pictures done by our Stone Age forefathers. They are dim; at first we do not see them. But when we do we are filled with admiration. Those of us who have ever tried to draw from life know the effort and perseverance it takes to express rightly the character and the movement of any kind.

The artist must have made studies in the fields, perhaps following the herds with a burnt stick and a white stone. When he came to transfer his sketches to the walls of the cave, he would need an artificial light steadier than that of a flickering torch. A hollowed stone blackened by fire, and a stone palette have been found together in one of the caves. Men must have noticed when they broiled meat on a spit that the fat dripping into the fire blazed up brightly. So no doubt they collected the grease into concave stones, and

Then the meeting was divided into sections. Afterwards, everyone got together for a picnic luncheon at Roeding Park.

The elementary section had speakers from many different towns in Kern, Tulare, Kings and Fresno Counties. Included in the topics for discussion were "How We Enroll in J. R. C."; "The J. R. C. Council—School and City"; "Our Favorite J. R. C. Activity"; "How Can We Be of Service to Children? To Our School? To Our Community?"; "How We Use Our J. R. C. Magazines"; "What Can We Do to Increase World Friendship?"; "What Can We Do to Help the Red Cross Chapter?"

The Fresno Chamber of Commerce gave white satin ribbon badges printed in red, and programs on white paper with red type.

IN A SCHOOL correspondence album they sent to Bulgaria, members of the Thaddeus Kosciusko Lycee, Jarocin, Poland, wrote:

"The program of our work for next year will be more extensive. We have decided to organize all kinds of activities, to get films about the work of the Red Cross, to arrange for lectures, to keep the classroom clean, to take care of the poor pupils of our school as well as the poor people of our town, to organize a bandaging class, and to start correspondence with other Junior Red Cross groups."

with a slow-burning bit of moss twisted into a wick, had the first lamp. The palette found with it, is a slab of slate with cup-shaped hollows along the edges, in which lumps of red and yellow ochre have grown fast, the same colors which are still seen in the dim paintings on the walls. Sometimes the artist used the form of the rock in his design so that the head or hump or tail of an animal stands out as though carved.

As time rolled on, the climate of Europe underwent a change, this time growing warmer. The ice began breaking up. The way was open for people to press northward from the south, particularly from Spain. As the ice receded, the reindeer followed it farther and farther north and with them went a part of the men of A-Z who had found these animals necessary to life.

But the bulk of them must have remained behind and mingled with the newcomers until they became lost and forgotten in the new civilization which they had helped to form.

The Little Deer

Emma L. Brock

Pictures by the Author

ONCE upon a time in the busy little country of Denmark, there lived a little girl called Ingeborg. Every Sunday in the summer time she and her father and her mother went on a picnic. Sometimes they went here and sometimes they went there, but the favorite picnic spot of all the Sunday picnic spots was the Deer Park. In the park were hundreds of deer wandering about as they pleased.

When the picnic was to be in the Deer Park, Ingeborg would slip out of bed as soon as the birds began to sing early in the morning. She must be sure to be ready on time.

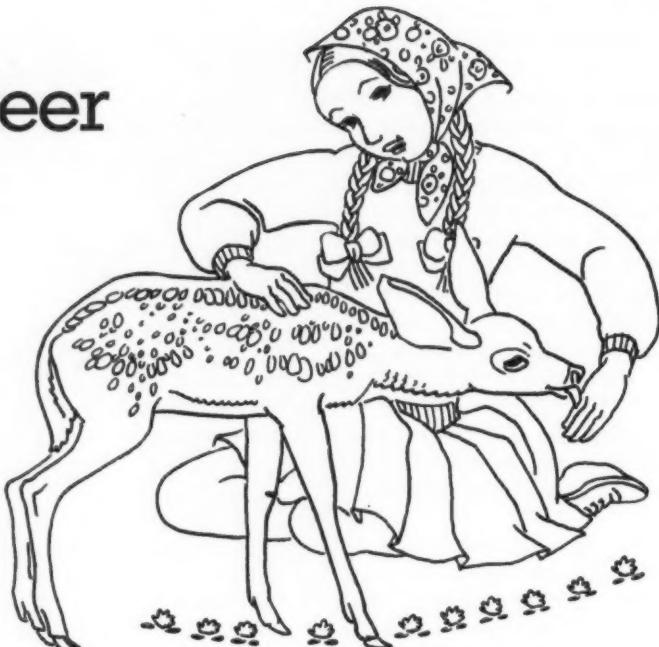
On one of those Sunday mornings, she was singing even before the birds were.

"Today is Deer Park day," she was singing.

She put on her blue dress and her sweater and her socks and her shoes. She braided her long yellow hair in two braids that hung down in front over her shoulders. She put a green kerchief over her head and tied the corners tightly under her chin. Then she was ready.

"I hope I can pet a little deer today," she said to herself.

In the kitchen she helped her mother put up the picnic luncheon. She tucked ham into some of the sandwich buns and cheese into the others. She wrapped the



The fawn saw some chocolate on Ingeborg's fingers. It came up close and began to lick them

caraway cookies in a napkin and she polished off the cherries. She helped pack them all into three baskets, one for each of them to carry.

Then her father and her mother brought out their bicycles and they started off. Ingeborg sat on a little seat all her own in front of her father. They rolled along a little road to a bigger one and along the big road until they came to a wide highway. The highway was filled with bicycles and people going somewhere. They were all whirring along the highway, humming and buzzing like a huge swarm of flies. Ingeborg and her father and her mother buzzed along like three flies to the Deer Park.

They left their bicycles in the racks at the entrance and walked through the gates into the park. They strolled along under the old beech trees.

"I do hope I can pet a little deer today," Ingeborg said. "I have never

petted a little deer in all my life."

"But the little deer are so wild and easily frightened," said Ingeborg's mother.

"The big deer will let you pet them," said her father.

"They are tame enough and not afraid of people."

"Oh, I know," said Ingeborg, "but I want to pet one of those baby deer, a spotted one."

"That is what I want to do—all along its back."

Ingeborg and her father and her mother walked under the beech trees deeper into the park. The deer always



She put a green kerchief over her head

stayed far away from the entrance. Ingeborg strode along with one arm tucked under the handle of her basket and sang, "Today is Deer Park day and I want to pet a little deer."

At last they came to a grove of trees where some of the deer were resting. There were brown mother deer and little fawns with spots on their backs. Ingeborg and her father and her mother sat down on a mossy bank under the trees. The big deer watched them carefully. Perhaps they were looking for sandwiches.

But the fawns were skittery. First they ran away and then they came back slowly with their eyes wide and their big ears turned forward. Then they skipped away again.

Ingeborg held out her hand and said, "Oh, little deer, come and let me pet you."

But the fawns ran away behind the trees.

Ingeborg's mother spread out the picnic on the moss and the three of them began to eat their ham and cheese sandwiches.

A brown doe came sniffing up to them and ate a piece of bun that Ingeborg held out to her. Her little fawn tripped up, too, but it leaped away again as soon as Ingeborg held a sandwich toward it.

"The little deer will never let me pet them!" sighed Ingeborg.

She and her father and her mother ate all of the sandwiches that the doe did not eat and they ate all of the caraway cookies that the doe did not gobble away from them. The doe was very fond of cookies.

And they ate every one of the cherries,

because the doe did not care for cherries at all.

Ingeborg petted the mother deer and rubbed her nose. She made a wreath of wild flowers to put on the doe's head, but the doe ate that up, too.

Then the deer began sniffing around among the baskets looking for something more to eat. She tipped over Ingeborg's little basket and out fell a flat brown package.

"Why, what is that?" cried Ingeborg.
"Why, it's chocolate!"

"Oh, tak, thanks so much!" Ingeborg said to her father.

Ingeborg unwrapped the paper and gave a piece of chocolate to her father and one to her mother. And another one she gave to herself. They all sat munching their chocolate and the mother deer kept sniffing around.

She looked as if she would like some chocolate, too. So Ingeborg gave her a big piece.

While the doe was eating it, some of it fell on the ground. The fawn came sniffing up closer and closer. It looked as if it would like some chocolate, too. It nibbled carefully at the chocolate on the ground and then it began to eat. The fawn and the mother ate as fast as they could until the chocolate was gone. Then they licked the moss with their long pink tongues to get the last bit.

When that was done they came sniffing up to Ingeborg to ask for more. She fed them pieces of chocolate, first to one and then to the other. She held very still and moved very gently so that she would not frighten them. They ate right out of her fingers. Even the little fawn ate right out of her fingers.

"Oh, look!" whispered Ingeborg softly.
"Just look!"

Then the chocolate was all gone. The doe and the fawn swallowed the last bit.

"It's gone," whispered Ingeborg, holding out her empty hands.

The mother deer went about hunting for more in the baskets, but the little fawn saw some chocolate on Ingeborg's fingers.

It came up quite close and began to lick them.

It licked all the chocolate from one hand. It scraped it off with its pink tongue until the hand was clean. Then it began to lick the other hand.

It licked the back of the fingers and it licked the front of the fingers and it licked between the fingers everywhere.

And while the fawn was licking away the chocolate from that hand—Ingeborg was petting its spotted back with the other!

"Oh, look, look!" she whispered. "Just look! I'm petting a little deer. This is Deer Park day and I'm petting a little deer!"

She patted its head and stroked its back softly, all the whole length of it. Over all the spots she petted it while the fawn finished the chocolate on her fingers.

When the chocolate was all licked away, the fawn looked up at Ingeborg, opened its eyes wide, pricked up its big ears and skittered away as fast as it could among the beech trees.

"Good-bye," called Ingeborg. "Farvel, farvel, little deer, and thank you for letting me pet you—all along your back!"

"This is Deer Park day," said Ingeborg, "and I have petted a little deer!"



The Traveler

Olive Benson

Map by Helene Carter

I'D LIKE to own a ship and go
Wherever I'd a mind, you know.
And just whenever I'd a notion
I'd sail away across the ocean.
I'd call my captain and I'd say,
"I wish to start now for Bom - bay."
And to my friends I'd call "Yo ho!
I'm setting sail for Bor - ne - o!"
And to my teacher, "I'll just take a
Trip this week to old Ja - mai - ca."
Or, "I'll be gone for quite a while
A-traveling up and down the Nile."
It wouldn't take me long to don
My togs and start for far Cey - lon.
Or, I might go just as I am,
And see the queer cats in Si - am.

It wouldn't be so far to go
'Most any time to Mex - i - co.
But, yet, I hardly think I'd settle
Long on Po - po - cat - e - petl.
I'd always like to see once more
The funny sights in Sing - a - pore.
Of course, I'd take my friends along
When I went visiting Hong - kong.
The sound of foreign names is grand;
And strange sights in a foreign land.
Jinrikishas, and slanty eyes;
The pyramids of noble size;
The temples fine; and camel trains;
And savages in daisy chains.
Each funny sight, and queerish style
Would interest me for quite a while;

But, see me homesick, then I'd say
"Now, Cap', sail for the U. S. A."



This is this year's Junior Red Cross poster.
How many of the flags can you identify?

See the key in next month's Guide for
Teachers for a complete list of the flags.

